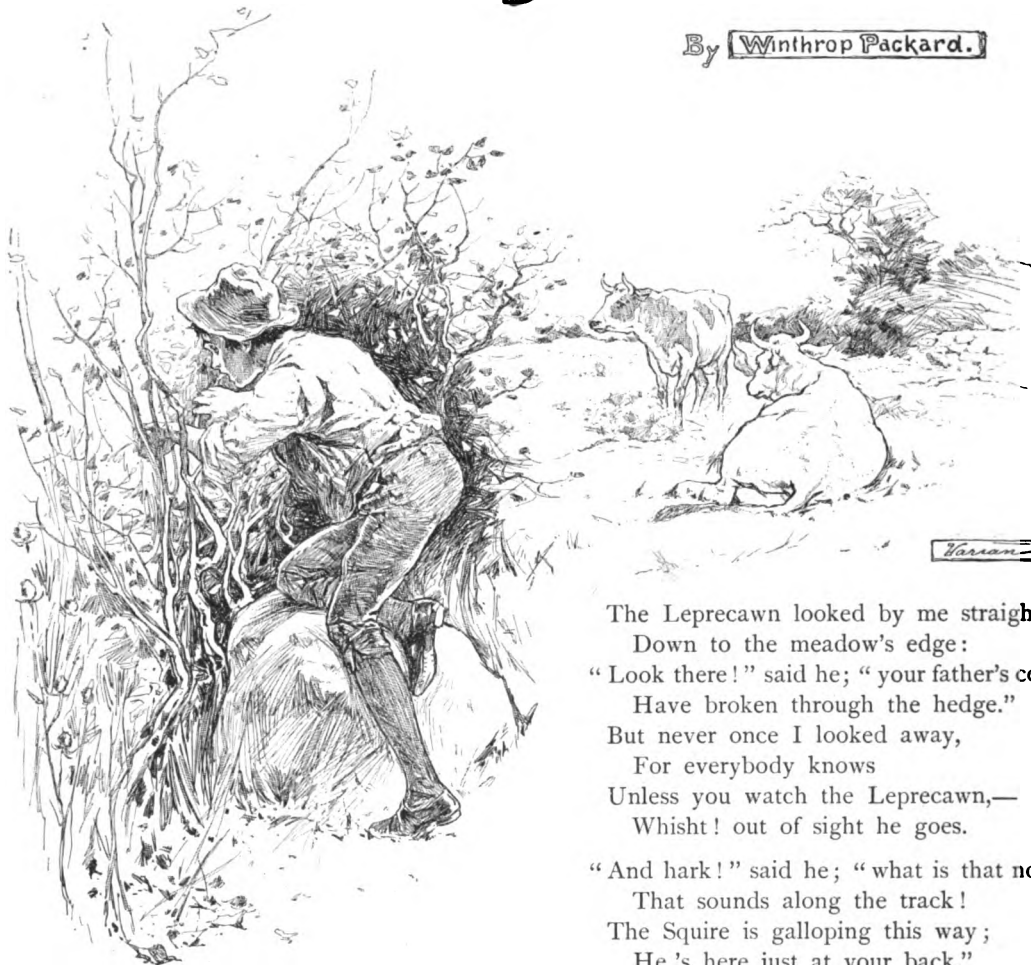


# THE LEPRECAWN.

By **Winthrop Packard.**



IN County Kerry, minding cows  
One day in early spring,  
I chanced to see a Leprecawn  
Quite busy hammering.  
He sat behind the meadow hedge,  
A-mending one old shoe,  
As older folk had always said  
A Leprecawn would do.

“Ho, Leprecawn! ho, Leprecawn!  
See! now I have you fast;  
I’ve looked for you for many a day,  
And you are mine at last.  
Where do you keep your money, sir?  
That’s what I want to know;  
Now tell me where it’s hidden, or  
I will not let you go.”

The Leprecawn looked by me straight  
Down to the meadow’s edge:  
“Look there!” said he; “your father’s cows  
Have broken through the hedge.”  
But never once I looked away,  
For everybody knows  
Unless you watch the Leprecawn,—  
Whisht! out of sight he goes.

“And hark!” said he; “what is that noise  
That sounds along the track!  
The Squire is galloping this way;  
He’s here just at your back.”  
But never once I looked away,  
For often I’ve been told  
That you must watch the Leprecawn  
Until you get his gold.

“Ho, Leprecawn! ho, Leprecawn!  
Where may it hidden be—  
This gold of yours? Now tell me, or  
You never shall go free.  
I will not take my eye from you—  
That same you need not fear;  
For well I know that if I do  
You’ll quickly disappear.”

“Good Master, ho! good Master, now,  
Come down this way with me;  
A mighty field of boliauns  
We both can plainly see;



And underneath this very bush  
My gold is placed with care.  
Go, fetch a spade and dig, and you  
Shall surely find it there."

"Ho, Leprecawn! ho, Leprecawn!  
You think to trick me well!  
This bush from any other bush  
How, surely, shall I tell?  
A mile this field of boliauns  
Doth stretch each way, alack!  
How shall I know this single bush  
When spade and I come back?"



"Good Master, ho! good Master, now—  
My garter, russet red,  
I fasten to this single bush,"  
The Leprecawn then said;  
"And when to dig you shall come back,  
You still shall find it there.  
I will not touch that same again,  
Good Master, I declare!"

A Leprecawn ne'er broke his word  
To any living man;  
And so I set the rascal free,  
And to my cabin ran.  
But when, with spade in willing hand,  
Back to the place I sped,  
The whole broad field of boliauns  
Was blushing russet red

With garters here and garters there,  
Hung on each bush and tree!  
Sure, all the hose in Fairyland  
Down at the heel must be!  
And underneath the boliaun  
The fairy gold still lies,  
Until again a Leprecawn  
I happen to surprise.